

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“Christ Himself came down among the Nephite people and ministered unto them. He showed them His personality, His being, and when He left they had a testimony that Christ was and is the Son of the Living God.”—ANTOINE R. IVINS.

No. 21, Vol. 95

Thursday, June 1, 1933

Price One Penny

THE DAWNING DAY FOR THE LAMANITES

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On the fourth of August, 1932, I arrived in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, and arranged with President Wood and John Smith to go out to a stray horse sale on the Indian reservation. Just as we were leaving, Jack Galbraith, an old friend of mine, joined the party. Upon our return, as we were nearing Cardston, Jack invited me to accompany him to his ranch on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, which I did.

On the following day, we went to Browning, Montana. There Mr. Galbraith took me to the home of his brother-in-law, who had married a half-breed Indian. I met her mother and talked to her for several hours on the Gospel, telling her of the Book of Mormon and of the work that lay before their people. She seemed deeply interested and promised to read the Book of Mormon.

From here I went with Jack to the home of his uncle, Frank Mountain Chief, who is the last of the Hereditary Tribal Chiefs, as far as is known, in America. I had a long and most interesting talk with this venerable old Chief, who is the historian of his people; and many hours were spent with him. He told me that the Bloods, the Blackfeet and the Peigans were all of the same tribe of Indians. He related several instances that caused their separation into the three tribes. He sang many of his old war songs to me.

We know that this Chief is at least 98 years old, for in 1854 he signed a treaty between the United States Government and his tribe of Indians. He would have to be at least 21 years old at that time. He now stands over six feet tall, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, is erect and powerful. He has had many wonderful experiences. He witnessed the inauguration of both President William McKinley and President Woodrow Wilson, being

called to Washington, D. C., especially for these occasions. Once, in company with his nephew, Jack Galbraith, Mr. Frank Sander-ville and Mr. Clark, he was called to Washington to adjust the difference between the Indians and the Government. These four represented the five Indian reservations in Montana.

After I had talked to him several hours, he asked me to sing a song for him, which I did. Then I commenced to teach him the Gospel. He said to me, "My God is not good to me. For many years I have been a Christian Indian, and if my God were good to me He would not allow me to suffer as I do, for I am now blind and must be led everywhere I go by my son or grandson." Then I said to him, "I had a very dear friend in Cardston. His name was Brother Nnby. He was blind for many years and yet every time I heard him speak, he would say, 'My God is good to me! Notwithstanding being blind, he was happy because of the blessings he received from his Heavenly Father.'" Then I said to the old chief, "If you worship the right God, and do what is right, He will cause you to be happy regardless of your loss of sight." He asked me to come and see him again before returning to my home in California. This I was happy to do.

On September 5th, I spent several hours talking to him again. I told him of the Book of Mormon, which I have since mailed to him. He said, "Whenever you come, you make my heart glad, for a sweet spirit comes over me." Then I told him this was the Spirit of God who was the Father of his spirit, which he was entitled to receive by serving the Lord. He then told me to take him by the hand and lead him into the house. I did so, after taking his picture with my daughter and with his son Walter and little grandson. After reaching the house, he gave me a pair of moccasins that he had worn when going to Washington to the inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson. He said to me, "Remember me often, and when you wear these moccasins think of me."

After leaving the old Chief's home, we returned to Mr. Galbraith's ranch where we had supper. Then we spent the entire evening preaching the Gospel to those who had assembled during the day. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance and we all rejoiced in the same.

YOUNG INDIANS VISIT THE ALBERTA TEMPLE

On Saturday, August 6th, 1932, upon the invitation of President Wood I went to the Cardston Temple where 220 Indian students, boys and girls from 12 to 17 years of age, met with their parents. These young Indians were all winners in a two-day contest of the Indians belonging to the 4-H clubs of the five reservations in the State of Montana.

Mr. Campbell, who was the Indian Agent for forty-two years, had planned for many years to teach and educate the Indians to be more useful. He had arranged the 4-H clubs among the Indians of the five reservations, and was doing all in his power to teach them to be more useful to society. He had had the privilege of going through the Temple several times prior to its dedication and had felt the inspiration and the Spirit of the Lord that permeated this holy place. When his forty years of service were up and he was entitled to a pension, he asked for two ad-

ditional years as agent that he might realize some of his plans. Early in the spring of 1932 he wrote to President Wood, asking if it would be possible to have these young Indians visit the Temple. After much corresponding, the privilege was granted by the Authorities of the Church that they might make the visit. On the 4th and 5th of August, the try-outs were held near Browning, Montana, and on the 6th, the winners were brought to the House of the Lord in forty-seven cars. I shall never forget nor cease to be thankful for the privilege of attending this service, and seeing and feeling the marvellous things I experienced on this occasion. That all may better understand what this meant and will yet mean to those present, I will describe as nearly as possible the proceedings.

PICTURES ON THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE

After all the Indians were seated, or standing in the aisles of the Chapel room, the opening song and invocation were given. Then President Wood welcomed the Indians in our midst. On the north wall of this room is the painting representing Lehi after landing upon American soil. There he offered sacrifice, and the paintings of him and his family are in full life size. Lehi has his hands raised toward heaven, offering a burnt offering to God for the safe arrival of himself and family. His sons and daughters are depicted kneeling in humble devotion around the altar. Then on the east wall is the scene, also in life size, of Jesus, the Risen Lord, passing the sacrament to a great assembled throng. Christ is pictured in the very act of handing the sacrament to a Lamanite. The congregation in this painting is about equally mixed, Nephites and Lamanites. Imagine the thoughts that must have been in the minds of these boys and girls and the deeper understanding that they must have felt as they witnessed that Christ is no respecter of persons, and that the repentant Lamanite was entitled to the sacrament and blessings of Jesus the same as the Nephites. Every heart was touched as President Wood described these paintings and talked to them in this room.

Brother Joseph Y. Card gave a very splendid brief history of the settlement of Cardston by his father in 1887. Mr. Campbell made a few remarks and was followed by Mr. Frank Sanderville, an Indian, who is a graduate of Carlisle University and who has spent many years in the service of the Government. Brother Jack Galbraith was next asked to speak and I hope every heart was touched as mine was when he arose and said: "My brothers and sisters, and friends, you of my people, how happy I am to meet you here in the House of the Lord. You are here because you are winners of the contests you have entered in your various fields of endeavours. I hope you can understand that if you will continue to learn of God and to walk in His ways, some day you may have the privilege of returning to this House of the Lord and here receive the greatest prize God has for His faithful sons and daughters, winning the prize of Eternal Life, which is the prize given for lives of worthiness and service to God."

After listening to a beautiful rendition of the sextet from Lucia, given by John S. Smith and company, the Indians were allowed to go into the baptismal room where again hearts were touched to almost the melting point. Here in this marvellous room it was

explained to these visitors that the baptismal font was set upon the backs of twelve oxen representing the twelve tribes of Israel.

In each corner of the room are three shining shafts of granite representing the twelve apostles, holding up the Celestial Kingdom of God. This was beautifully explained by Brother Jacobs. On the north wall of this room is the picture of Adam three years before his death, when he gathered all his righteous posterity together in the valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman and blessed them, prophesying what should befall his posterity even to the latest time. On the east wall is a picture of Moses after crossing the Red Sea, and after the murmurings of the children of Israel, when hordes of serpents came among them. Many of the people were bitten and died. Then the Lord told Moses to raise a serpent upon a stick and all who would look upon it would be healed, explaining that even as Moses raised the serpent upon the stick, so would Christ be raised up on the cross in the meridian of time, that they who would come unto Him might also live. In this marvellous picture is the thought of the serpent destroying by biting the flesh. How typical it is of Satan's attacks upon us today, destroying our lives of usefulness by tempting us to do wrong through the flesh.

On the south wall is the picture of John the Baptist standing in the River Jordan, with Jesus by his side. His hand is raised toward heaven, ready to immerse the Christ in baptism. Then on the west wall is the picture of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery humbly kneeling in prayer to God, asking for an explanation of 3rd Nephi, the 11th chapter, regarding baptism. John the Baptist is portrayed as standing with a hand on either head, restoring the Aaronic Priesthood, conferring upon these two men the power and authority, in the name of Jesus Christ, to baptize members into the Church of Jesus Christ.

INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS SHED TEARS OF JOY

As these things were beautifully explained, tears of joy coursed down the faces of many present. I noticed many of the little Indian boys and girls gathered around the baptismal font, reaching out their fingers and gently and lovingly touching a nose or a horn of the oxen and then kissing their fingers. I imagined the things that were filling their souls with joy as the Spirit of God touched their little hearts and made them understand His goodness. Then the entire group sang with much feeling, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest," etc. The meeting was dismissed and the visitors were taken to the lawns outside, where they were served ice cream and cake.

For many years it has been my privilege to work with the youth of Zion, and I find they are anxious to learn of God and to do all in their power to push this great work forward. As I thought of these things, my mind went out to the five reservations in Montana, and I could imagine these boys and girls mingling with their associates, telling them of the things they had seen and heard in the Temple of our God; and telling them with a spirit and power that will cause a greater desire to come among them, to know of the Gospel and to learn of its ways. I can see

much good coming from this visit, for I feel it will cause many of our Lamanite friends to see the light of the Gospel.

Three days later, it was my privilege to meet Mr. Campbell and General Scott of the United States army in Cardston and talk to them about the visit. Mr. Campbell was very well satisfied with the results, feeling that he had accomplished the things that he had desired. Mr. Scott was very enthusiastic with the spirit possessed by the people in the "Mormon" communities of Alberta. How gratifying it is to know that, now when Mr. Campbell's official duties have been terminated by his retirement, his successor in the work is Elder Murdock, a "Mormon" brother who has filled an honourable mission. Surely the blessings of God promised Lehi's descendants are being fulfilled. And we, as Latter-day Saints, should be ready by the time they are ready, to do our part as they are being prepared to do theirs.

A MARVELLOUS MISSION IN LIFE

On January 3rd, I wrote to Jack Galbraith in Browning, Montana. From that letter I quote the following passages :

You know that I am deeply interested in your people. I see the dawn breaking for them, and because of my knowledge of the Gospel, I see and understand their great mission in these latter-days. If the dear old Chief could but understand that it is the goodness of the Lord that has preserved the righteous seed of Joseph to perform a marvellous work in the latter-days, he would feel better. When you take the quilt to them, have a good talk with them. Tell the old Chief that I am his true friend and if he would but have power to be baptized, he would go into the Spirit World a heralded Chief to stand as a servant of God and a redeemer of his people, fitted and prepared to teach unto those departed souls the true message of salvation; to warn and prepare their hearts for the work that shall surely be done in the Temples of our Lord. I am enclosing a letter for the Chief in with yours, then I will be sure he gets it.

I do not believe you realize the mission you have in life, and I am very desirous to have you do all on your part to fulfil your life's mission, to lay up treasures in heaven which will be everlasting and enduring. Money will not buy happiness nor contentment nor that peace of mind which comes from service in the Church and Kingdom of God. You are being watched by hundreds of your people. Your actions speak far louder than words. Help your children to see the bigness of the Gospel, and hold out to them the blessings that come from the Priesthood of God. You know the joy you felt as we talked of your relatives and friends, and I shall never, nor can you forget the Spirit of the Lord that filled your heart as you talked to those 220 young boys and girls in the Temple, and you told them how to become winners of the greatest things God has for His children who serve Him.

Your brother and friend,

(Signed) A. M. STEED.

In January of this year I received this interesting letter from my friend, Jack Galbraith, whose mother was a pure Blackfoot Indian, and the sister of Mountain Chief :

"Dear Brother Steed :

I received your letter and was indeed pleased to know that you still have the Lamanites at heart.

I am very anxious to tell you what happened to the letters you wrote to Mountain Chief and me. I was in Browning the day the letter arrived and I worked a little ahead of your instructions. The quilt did not arrive at the time.

After reading your letter I walked up to the little log cabin to interview the old Chief. There sat beside him two old Indians, all with their heads bowed, and they seemed to be in deep meditation. I shook hands with them. They seemed to be visiting. One was an Indian who lives away up on the northeastern part of the Blood Indian Reservation in Canada. It was quite a sight to see these three old men with heads bowed. On the other bed sat blind Walter. Close beside Mountain Chief sat, in a chair, a fine looking Indian woman, wife of the old Canadian Indian. I said to Walter, 'Do you know me?' He answered me, 'No.' I told him I had a letter I'd like to read to his father. 'Walter, you interpret this just as I read it and see if either of you know who I am.' I read the letter that you wrote me first, leaving out my name. Of course, soon as I mentioned the quilt for my cousin Walter's wife, Walter said, 'It is 100 Bears (the Indian name for me), and I also know who wrote the letter, because no other man I know of would bother to make Indians like us a quilt, unless it is Brother Steed.'

I wasn't interrupted by anyone while I read your letter to me, and the half of your letter to Mountain Chief. I thought I'd ask him if he really understood it, and what it was all about. One of the old warriors, Bull Calf, who is blind and could neither speak nor write English, sat and listened with great interest. "I need no interpreter to understand that kind of a letter, I understand every word in English, 100 Bears. The man who wrote that letter is blessed with the Great Spirit," he said.

I thought this was remarkable. Brother Warner, the Indian, and I had the same kind of experience once before in Browning, some sixteen years ago. The interpretation of tongues was exhibited among the poor and lowly. I know these things happen.

"THE DAY IS AWAKENING FOR THE INDIANS"

Mountain Chief spoke up then, and said, "That letter sounds like the instructions we used to get from our leaders when I was a young lad. It does my heart good to hear it read, we need our Brother's advice to each other. Tell Steed his heart is right, the advice is good, it will give me good ideas to talk to my people, when they need me. It is encouraging. I want to say more later to this man."

When he had finished talking, the Blood Indian rose to his feet and said, "Eighty winters have passed me and I know my God and this is the kind of message His representatives speak and deliver. I know this man is a member of the 'many Wives Church.'" (This is the way these Indians have of expressing the name of our Church.) He went on speaking, "I, too, am impressed with this man's letter. I've just decided after hearing 100 Bears explain these letters, that these 'Mormons' are good people. I am ready to be baptized into God's church."

I asked him if he was sure he was converted and understood the Gospel. Before he could answer, this Indian woman (his wife), who is a Catholic, spoke up and said, "I give my consent for him to join."

I asked him what he thought of President Wood, at Cardston, and he said, "He's a good man, strict, honest and not misleading. I am glad my friends are in favour of this good Church and enjoy hearing 100 Bears read these letters."

Your kind letters with good advice not only apply to me, they had a purpose and served it well. *I feel that the day is awakening for the Indians.*

I am going to tell you now, Brother Merlin, that the one who has had the greatest influence on my life is my good wife, Susan Alder Hudson, whom I married, at the age of 24, in 1908, at Salt Lake City. She was of the Aetna Ward, Alberta Stake, and a daughter of George M. Hudson.

I'll now relate a few of the things which converted me, and why I came into the Church. I was baptized into the Catholic Church when I was seven years old, and was brought up with that in my mind until I was twenty-one years old. My mother died when I was seven years old. She was buried in a lonely spot, out in the hills, but I had always felt her

presence near me. Soon I learned that I had parted with my best friend, my mother.

I was disliked among the white folks in the community where I was brought up, because of my Indian blood, and I was disliked among the Indians because of my white blood. It was a hard predicament to be in. I soon thought that Catholicism was a hindrance to me. Naturally I was impressed to think of my mother (Last Kills—her maiden name), and she, poor soul, unable to speak, read or write English. I must find some way out for her. I kept this within myself, knowing my father was popular among the citizens and Indians.

Once I asked him why he didn't join the Catholic Church, and he answered me thus: "I have all the religion I need, which is the cream of all religions, and that is Masonry." In the meantime I had such men as Bill (Wm. R.) Sloan and his brothers talk to me, besides what my wife had talked and lived, which was the Gospel taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I thought my father knew best, and I inquired as much as possible about Masonry. Finally, in 1912, I was initiated, but I wasn't long in noticing that this order lacked the main spoke of the wheel, which was the women. Still no hopes for my mother's salvation!

I was not long deciding that my wife's example and her true teachings of the Gospel were what I had been eight years looking for. With two years' studying and trying to believe that Masonry was right, I was still not convinced. My wife taught me what the "Mormon" Church called the Word of Wisdom, and why there were such laws instituted in the Church. Now I began to see it was for improving the body as well as the mind. On the face of all this I could still see my father's influence as a Mason and his example. It was heartrending for me to tell him that either he or the "Mormons" were wrong. I saw it was either my wife and family or my father and friends. It was a serious problem. At this point I became converted to prayer.

EXEMPLARY CONDUCT OF HIS WIFE

Still my wife in her meek way carried on with her prayers, paid some tithing, and lived an exemplary life which could not help being noticed. She was clean in mind and expression; this was getting a deep root in my mind. All of the time uppermost in her mind was her religion.

I could write pages on the mental suffering I went through. I was becoming ill. I thought I'd go east to Chicago for nose and eye treatment, to be alone and away from the antagonisms which tormented me.

Our family doctor, Doctor Lynn of Cardston, persuaded me to let him make a preliminary operation. What he at first believed would be a very simple operation proved so serious, and I was so weak from the loss of blood, that I was sure I was going to pass out of this life. At this time an experience came to me which fully convinced me of the truth of the Gospel. I made a pledge to my Maker that I would join the Church and live the truth.

I recovered and walked several blocks to my wife. I confessed to her that I was fully converted, and we had prayer together. I was impressed to study the Book of Mormon, for I would be needed some day, and there would be plenty of work for me to do.

On July 5th, 1914, I walked alone into the Tabernacle at Cardston and took a seat in the rear. It was the evening meeting, about 7 p.m., and I planned on seeing President Wood who at this time became a dear friend to me. Like the old Indian, I learned that "he seemed so earnest and sincere in all his dealings" and he treated me with such reverence. His strictness, his great ability for doing good, morning, noon and night, his attention to the sick, his presence in the homes and at funerals to console, and his wonderful exemplary life played a big part in my change of heart and in that of many others. He has remained up to the present time my close friend, and now is, in very deed, a brother.

(Continued on page 363)

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1933

EDITORIAL

BIRTHDAY OF A PROPHET-LEADER

THIS is the one hundred and thirty-second birthday anniversary of one of God's noblemen. Brigham Young, the successor of Joseph Smith, the prophet of the Lord, was born June 1st, 1801, in Whittingham, Windham County, New York, U.S.A. On this day we hold in sacred memory his goodness, his greatness, his wisdom. Brigham Young was colonizer, statesman, philosopher, philanthropist, reformer, prophet-leader, an honest man—God's noblest work. His spiritual and temporal faculties were so perfectly and harmoniously organized that no one could tell where the one left off and the other began. The Gospel of Jesus Christ as expounded and practised by him became a vitalized force full of marvellous beauty, sympathy and power—a perfect law of liberty, comprehending life and light, justice and judgment. In the early days of the Church, when dark clouds gathered and danger threatened; when weak minds wavered and discord was rampant, it was Brigham Young who brought order out of chaos, and traitors plotting with usurpation and innocent blood, hid their heads when the "lion-hearted" rebuked in the name of the Lord and foretold the fate of the apostate. Then, if not before, God placed on Brigham Young the seal of successorship.

In June, 1837, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and others were called to go on a mission to England. Heber was exceedingly desirous that Brigham should accompany them; but Joseph the Prophet said, "No; I shall keep him with me." The wisdom of that decision was soon revealed. Brigham Young publicly and privately testified that he knew by the testimony of the Holy Ghost that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Most High God, and had not transgressed and fallen as apostates declared. In consequence of that testimony his own life was threatened, and he left Kirtland in December following. Later, the Prophet Joseph and Sidney Rigdon fled from the fury of mobs, and joined Brigham in Indiana, where Joseph sought to get a job sawing and cutting wood. Failing to secure work, and being weary, he said, "Brother Brigham, I am destitute of means to pursue my journey, and as you are one of the Twelve Apostles who hold the keys of the kingdom in all the world, I believe I shall throw myself upon you and look to you for counsel." At first Brigham was unable to think Joseph was in earnest, but on finally being convinced that he really was, he said, "If you will take my counsel, Brother Joseph, you will rest yourself, and be assured that you shall have plenty of money with which to pursue your journey."

That simple incident, trifling in itself, goes to show in what estimation the great modern prophet held the wisdom and strength of his friend and predicted successor. God verified, too, the words of His servant, and Joseph was soon supplied with "plenty of money to pursue his journey."

A more striking incident of brotherly devotion to Joseph, and of obedience to the revelations of God through him, is shown in the fulfillment of the word of the Lord given in 1838, respecting the Twelve Apostles and their duties in reference to preaching the Gospel, and definitely fixing the date—April 26th, 1839—when they should take leave of the saints at Far West, Missouri, "on the building spot of my house, saith the Lord," previous to their departure on a mission over the great waters. As the date mentioned approached, many of the saints found themselves banished, Joseph the Prophet imprisoned, and the Twelve could return to Far West only at the peril of their lives. But there was the revelation fixing both time and place for the performance of a special work assigned to the Twelve by the Lord. Mobs had declared with an oath that at least this one revelation of Joseph Smith should fail of fulfillment. Even some of the authorities of the Church, it is said, argued that the Lord would not require the Apostles to fulfil that revelation literally, but would accept the will for the deed. But Brigham Young and his brethren of the Twelve with him, thought otherwise. The Lord had spoken, and it was their duty to obey, trusting in Him to protect them. The Prophet was imprisoned, and the responsibility of the Church and of sustaining the word of God was on the Twelve, and Brigham Young was not the man to let it fail. Reaching the vicinity of Far West, the Twelve hid themselves in a grove, while the mob came into the place and taunted the committee, in charge, threatening them with violence if they were found in Far West the next day. History records that "early on the morning of April 26th, 1839, the elect day," the Twelve proceeded to the building spot of the "Lord's House," held their conference, excommunicated thirty-one persons from the Church, and through the assistance of the master-workman, re-commenced the construction of the "Lord's House," by "rolling a large stone upon the northeast corner." There were present of the Twelve, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John E. Page, and John Taylor. On that spot and on the memorable day, they ordained Wilford Woodford and George A. Smith to the office of the Apostleship, and called them, even as the Lord had directed, to fill the places in the Quorum of the Twelve, made vacant by those who had fallen. Following their ordination, prayer was offered, each praying in turn, beginning with Brigham Young, sang a hymn, and took leave of the saints as definitely instructed in that revelation.

These circumstances are related to show why Joseph was loth to part with Brigham, even on the earnest solicitation of his almost equally beloved friend, Heber. All through the sub-

sequent history of the Church, Brigham, the lion-hearted of the Lord, never faltered. The unparalleled journey of the "Mormon" exiles in the Great American desert, and the settlement of that arid waste, his greatness shines forth in conduct and leadership and colonization, and in the building of a mighty commonwealth in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. On all great occasions, promptness and decision were characteristic of his organization, and all Israel felt secure in his wise decisions. Earnest, watchful and prayerful, none seemed to have the faculty or inspiration of getting so near the Lord in prayer as could he. He humbly paid honour to goodness wherever found. In the streets of London he reverently stood with head uncovered before the chapel dedicated to John Wesley.

Let the saints of the British Mission tell of the wonderful life of this prophet of the Lord, when they assemble in worship next Sabbath Day, and emulate him in courage, devotion and humility.—JAMES H. WALLIS.

A SEEKER IN ITALY

THE truth of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ is borne in upon every sincere investigator. The story and doctrine of the Latter-day Saints are ample evidence of the genuineness of their claims. But, the search must be sincere; old prejudices must be laid aside; there can be no reservations in behalf of error or partial truth.

Thousands, sincere at heart, who have come to scoff at "Mormonism," have remained to pray under its guidance and authority. More thousands, failing in courage to break with the past, have, nevertheless, looked upon life's problems in a new and better light, because of their acquaintance with the teaching of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

This was brought home to us on our way to the Armenian Mission. In Naples, Italy, where we embarked, we spent an evening with Sig. Pasquale Gagliano, a Neapolitan business man who has been interested in the Gospel for some time. Early in his life Mr. Gagliano left the Catholic Church and joined the Protestant faith. In course of time he became minister of the Baptist Church, and for ten years held pastorates in Southern Italy. During this time, more than a decade ago, he was asked to deliver lectures against "Mormonism"—the slogan being, "Down with the 'Mormons.'"

He attempted to carry out the assignment by informing himself about the people who were supposed to be iniquitous. He wrote to Salt Lake City; had several communications from the late Elder A. A. Ramseyer; and became convinced that in "Mormonism" was truth that the Protestant sects had missed. The lectures were not delivered.

Soon afterwards he left the Baptist ministry, but still acts as

the spiritual leader of a group of seekers after the Saviour of Men, though his time is mainly given to the business which he has built up. Recently, he was impelled again to inquire about "Mormonism;" he was ill at ease spiritually. He read into the teachings of the Lord the doctrine of an every-day religion, of a social system in which all should be brethren and sisters, caring for and being cared for by one another. Again he wrote to Salt Lake City; again, guided only by the printed word and by letters, he is pondering the truths revealed in the latter-days. Again, "Mormonism" seems to comply with the requirements laid down by the Master.

We were the first Latter-day Saints he had seen. He asked for more visits. The course of his life had been turned by his casual knowledge of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mr. Gagliano's experience is that of every honest, earnest, sincere seeker after eternal truth.—W.

THE DAWNING DAY FOR THE LAMANITES

(Concluded from page 359)

I thought that after the meeting I'd ask President Wood to baptize me. Before the meeting commenced President Wood tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Good evening, Jack." I told him I wanted to see him after meeting. "I know what you want, Jack: you're ready for baptism." I saw in his eye that spiritual knowledge that you don't see in the eyes of ordinary men. I asked him when he could do the job. "Yes, Jack, you are ready for baptism, and I'll see the bishop about it." I protested, "No, I want you to baptize me." "I'll gladly do it," he said. I told him, "The sooner the better, after this meeting."

After the meeting he came to me and said, "You go to the river at a certain cottonwood tree and I'll be there." I went there and waited on the banks of Lee's Creek and, to my surprise, Brother Wood, a choir, and a nice crowd came to see the first Lamanite in Canada thoroughly converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, go into the waters of baptism. I must say that it was the happiest hour of my life, and the crowd made me feel overjoyed at their presence. They sang some beautiful hymns.

What followed, Merlin, would fill a book.

I hope I've been as mild as possible in relating the truth of my conversion into the Church. This is the first time in eighteen years I've made an attempt to write, in my own hand, my experience.

I want to state that I kept the Word of Wisdom strictly two years before I was baptized, so I knew the fruits of "Mormonism" were good for the soul and essential to human understanding of God's kingdom.

Wishing you and your family many happy days,

Your brother,

(Signed) J. J. GALBRAETH,

(Keepipokayo, alias 100 bears).

—*The Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine* for April, 1933.

WHO knows but what our trials are the circumstances that make us find our way home and back to God?—LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

GENEALOGY AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS

ELDER JOHN J. GALBRAETH

(This story was related at a meeting of the Genealogical Society Class, April 13th-14th.)

This is indeed an inspiration to see so many here studying genealogical work. I have heard a good deal of it and felt the importance of it when I first joined the Church, but have never been any place where the influence is like it is here. I pray that the Lord will bless me that I may be able to say something of interest and benefit.

I have noticed that one of the first commandments that our great leader Lehi received, was not to emigrate into America, the western hemisphere, unless he brought the genealogy of his forefathers. We read, in the 3rd chapter of 1 Nephi, the 3rd verse: "For behold, Laban hath the record of the Jews and also a genealogy of thy forefathers, and they are engraven upon plates of brass."

Omni says, "Zarahemla gave a genealogy of his fathers, according to his memory." That is just the way the Indians keep their genealogy, by memory.

An Indian says when he meets another Indian, especially when he hasn't seen him for a long time, "Hello, hello, my friend. You are my great-grandmother's nephew." They always bring relationship into the conversation. Or two Indians will say, "I greet my cousin so-and-so." Relatives are usually their main topic of discussion. As I recall it now, I can see the purpose of it.

A little while ago I went to visit old Mountain Chief. He said to me, "Hundred Bears, I have a little money saved up and I want to go about 400 miles north of here to visit the Blackfeet in Canada. You have a lot of relatives there, and I want you to meet them so you will know by word of mouth what they have to say."

I said, "That is a long trip, and I haven't any money."

He said, "I will get a car and I'll get you there. I want to do this and then I am done. You bring some good paper that won't tear easily, and we'll go up there and get these cousins and relatives. I have some very near and good cousins up there as well as distant relatives." I thought, how remarkable that he should say that to me. Now I can see the purpose in it.

So I feel that good will be accomplished, and, as Nephi says, "I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." I think you will all agree with that.

While I am talking of Mountain Chief, last winter the government had a buffalo hunt in Yellowstone Park. They had too many buffalo, so they killed a lot of them and sent about a hundred head up to the Blackfeet Indians to be distributed among them. This old man went up to the Indian agent, Mr. Stone, and said, "I want the best buffalo hide and the biggest in the shipment."

The agent said, "Why, Mountain Chief, do you want this?"

Now the Indians tell their genealogy by pictures. They have no written language, so it is done by pictures. He told the agent, "I want to take the buffalo hide and stretch it good. Then I will get some good painter—I can't see but I will know where to start—and we will paint the whole story of the Indians, my relatives, on that hide. I want that put up as a credit to me when I die."

In talking with me, he said, "I'll teach you that story when I get it painted." I thought this morning that I could see why he told it to me. I never paid much attention to it, only I knew that it was their history.

For twenty years the government up there has been taking the picture of every Indian, the head of each family, and going back giving his father and grandfather, and carrying his record as far back as they could go, and then taking a photograph of him and his wife and his family. None of them know why they are doing it. I asked the Indian agent why he was so particular. "Well," he said, "we have a little work to do in photography and I thought we couldn't spend our time in a better way. I thought it would be interesting to them. These Indians can't read, but we can show them the pictures and tell them that it is their pedigree."

I thought that was remarkable. Those pictures will be sent to Washington. There is one man on a government pension who has spent 25 years among the Indians doing that work.

I have a daughter who has a quarter Indian blood. Her name is Marie, a promised child I do believe. I had her in the University in Missoula, Montana. The professor up there (Professor Maston) took her blood test. He didn't tell her anything about it, but he was quite interested. She said that she was three-fourths white and one-fourth Indian. He said, "Whenever your father comes to town you have him come up and have a test of his blood, too."

So when I came up he wanted to take my blood test. He brought her test with him and showed them both to me, and said, "Can you see the difference? You figure you are a white man, don't you? But your Indian blood predominates. It is powerful blood. You have no white blood at all." I didn't know whether he was a member of the Church or not. He said, "This Black-foot tribe is one tribe that I have come in contact with, whose *blood test is identically the same as that of the Hawaiians.*"

He took the test of somewhere around a thousand people on that reservation. "Out of a group of 320 or 350 Blackfeet," he said. "I am puzzled here on 21 names. I find that these Indians are not like the other Blackfeet. Their blood shows a difference. I have been writing and corresponding with Washington, but the records show that they are genuine Blackfeet, born and raised in the tribe. But," he said, "their blood test proves different. What am I going to do?"

"Well," I said, "I have an old uncle, the last hereditary chief among the Indians. He has a real good memory. I'll take your list up to him."

He gave me the whole list and said, "You go to him and find out whatever you can. Corroborate what he says with some of the other old Indians if you can."

As luck would have it, when I got up there four or five old

Indians were visiting with Mountain Chief. I said, "Uncle, I want you to tell me the truth, as far as you know it, of these names that I am going to read to you. I want to know what tribe they belong to, whether it is Blackfeet or Flathead or Sioux or Cree or Crow or Shoshone, or whatever it is. Will you do that?"

He said, "If they live here I certainly can."

The first name was of an Indian by the name of Bird Earring. He was a little younger man than I am, but he was admired for his good looks. He had a nice profile, and they always took pictures of him. When I mentioned his name Mountain Chief sneered, the way an Indian has of expressing scorn. The white people say, "O pshaw!" they say, "kssss." He laughed, "You don't call that Cree a Blackfeet."

"He is enrolled in our tribe," I said.

"We have adopted him into the tribe. We had a battle with the Crees and Sioux. We cleaned them all up but the babies. We didn't want to kill them. He is one of those boys."

The whole 21 worked out the same way, and it was proved conclusively that they never were Blackfeet. But there are Indians that are not the same, for instance, the Crees and the Flatheads. Their blood tests out white. So there is another mystery.

FREE STATE DISTRICT CONFERENCE

PROMPTLY at eleven o'clock on Sunday, April 14th, the Irish Free State Conference was opened in the Mills Hall, 8 Merrion Row, Dublin. The opening exercises, Sacrament service and a general welcome to all by President Benjamin R. Birchall were all performed in order, after which the congregation separated for instruction. The Relief Society members were advised by Sister Rintha Pratt Douglas and Sister Elizabeth T. Wallis. They were both well received, each giving suitable and timely direction to the sisters. President James H. Douglas and Patriarch James H. Wallis met with members of the Priesthood. The time was all too short for the excellent remarks made, in giving counsel to the brethren.

At the afternoon session the general authorities of the Church, Mission and District were unanimously sustained. It being "Mother's Day" a suitable programme was presented by eleven members of the Dublin Branch. This was followed by talks from President Birchall and President Douglas. Many were the tears of joy that were shed as President Douglas related incidents in the lives of some of Zion's pioneer mothers.

The hall was almost full for the evening service. Sister Douglas spoke of early days in the Church, and bore a strong testimony to the restored Gospel. Sister Wallis followed in a similar strain. Both held the rapt interest of the large congregation with their impressive remarks.

Sister Ena Birchall beautifully sang, "O Song Divine." President Douglas then dwelt forcibly upon the divine inspiration of the Book of Mormon, followed by Patriarch Wallis, who gave a never-to-be-forgotten discourse on the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After meeting, the members and friends lingered, and many were the expressions of appreciation.

Sixteen members received their patriarchal blessings, which complete the list of the Free State members.

The conference was directed by President James H. Douglas, and the auxiliary meetings by Sister Rintha Pratt Douglas, consulting supervisor of the auxiliaries and president of the Relief Society of the British Mission. There were in attendance also, Patriarch James H. Wallis and Sister Elizabeth T. Wallis of the European Mission, Elder Rulon D. Newell of the British Mission Office, and President Benjamin R. Birchall of the Free State District.

President and Sister Birchall and their daughter Ena, travelled to London with the Mission Authorities the following Monday morning, on their way to France, to visit the grave of their son who was killed in the war. A pleasant day was spent enroute, and the parting of the ways came all too soon. Reaching London, we bade each other a fond good-bye, after the enriching association of the previous two days.!

BENJAMIN R. BIRCHALL, Clerk of Conference.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Transfer: On May 18th, Elder Bartlett L. Christensen was transferred from the Portsmouth to the London District.

Arrivals and Assignments: Elder Elliot H. Merrill of Malad, Idaho, and Elder Theodore K. Lowther of Salt Lake City, Utah, arrived in Great Britain May 17th, on the s.s. *Washington*. They were assigned to the Portsmouth and Manchester Districts, respectively.

Releases and Departures: Elder Rulon Day Newell, president of the Sheffield District, Assistant Mission Secretary and Secretary of the British Mission was honourably released May 15th, and sailed for his home in America May 25th, aboard the s.s. *Washington*.

GREAT SPIRIT, LISTEN TO THE RED MAN'S WAIL!

“GREAT Spirit, listen to the red man's wail!

Thou hast the power to help him in his woe,
Thy mighty arm was never known to fail;
Great Chieftain, save him from the pale-face foe!

“His broad, green hunting grounds, where buff'loes roam,
His bubbling streams where finny thousands play,
The waving prairies, once his happy home,
Are fast departing to the Christian's sway.

“With curs'd firewater's stupefying flame,
(Which lulled the senses of our chiefs to rest)
And soft-mouthed words, the cheating paleface came
And stole our lands and drove us to the west.

“Our gray-haired med'cine men, so wise and good,
Are all confounded with the dread disease,
Which ne'er was known to flow in Indian blood
Till white men brought it from beyond the seas.

“And shall our nation, once so great, decay?
 Our children perish, and our chieftains die,
 Great Spirit, help! Thy glorious power display,
 Subdue our foes! O hear the Indian's cry.”

The red man ceased, and trembling with delight,
 For brighter far than the meridian sun,
 A dazzling vision burst upon his sight—
 A glorious angel from the Holy One!

“Your prayers are heard,” he said, “and I am here
 To tell you what will shortly come to pass;
 A day of joy for all your tribes is near,
 Your foes shall perish like the sun-scorched grass.

“The Holy Book your fathers hid is found,
 Your ‘Mormon’ brothers will the truth reveal;
 Though troubles press, and all seems black around,
 Obey their words—your soul's deep wounds will heal.

“Not many moons shall pass away before
 The curse of darkness from your skin shall flee,
 Your ancient beauty will the Lord restore,
 And all your tribes shall dwell in unity.

“The arts of peace shall flourish ne'er to die;
 The warwhoop and the deadly strife shall cease;
 Disease shall then depart, and every sigh,
 And health and life shall flow in every breeze.

“Farewell! Remember I was once on earth,
 And served the Lord of hosts on this fair land.
 Observed His sacred precepts from my birth,
 And now I dwell in bliss at His right hand.”

The angel left and darkness came again,
 But light and joy dwelt in the Indian's soul,
 Oh, may the day soon dawn for Ephraim's reign,
 When all the “glorious land” he shall control.

CHARLES W. PENROSE.

DEATH

FALCONER—Brothers Donald and William Falconer of the Edinburgh Branch, Scottish District, were among those reported lost after the sinking of a fishing trawler on March 20th. Both were energetic genealogical workers and their services will be greatly missed.

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